













# Maine Farmer.

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NEWSPAPER OF MAINE.

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## COLLECTORS' NOTICES.

Mr. T. Brooks Reed is calling on subscribers in Knox and Lincoln counties.  
Mr. A. G. Fitz is calling on subscribers in Cumberland and Androscoggin counties.  
Mr. E. M. Marks is calling on subscribers in Piscataquis county.

Sample copy sent on application.  
Try the Maine Farmer for one month.

## A DAY IN THE WOODS.

A fellow feels like drowsiness, for the air is full of dreams.  
Far off the cow-bells tinkle by the cool shaded streams:  
An' the woolen winds invite you where the mosses are on the wing,  
An' the birds are making merry where the honeysuckles swing.

Sing a song o' summer,  
"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!"  
Cattle boys a-sleepin',  
Where the honeysuckles swing.

A fellow feels like drowsiness, for the weather's fair and fine;  
An' the fishin' rod's a hobbin' in the throbbin' o' the line;  
An' the river banks invite you where a breezy chime is heard,  
An' scenes o' joy delight you where the cattle shake their bells.

Sing a song o' summer,  
"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!"  
Fishermen a-noddin',  
Where the honeysuckles swing.

It's good to be a livin' in this weather, bright an' morn';  
When you hear a song o' plenty in the rustle o' the corn!  
When a picture o' the harvest shines in every drop o' dew,  
An' the old world's rollin' 'neath a livin' band o' blue!

Sing a song o' summer,  
"Ting-a-ling-a-ling!"  
All the country smilin',  
Where the honeysuckles swing.

—Frank L. Stanton.

The Maine Farmer was the first to open fire on the fee system and it will stand by its guns until the tax payers are relieved of the heavy burdens growing out of the same.

Bideford has a lady barber. Trade in razors will probably be very slack in the twin cities until the novelty of hearing feminine lips say, "Bay rum or witch hazel?" wears off.

The farmers of New England met with a heavy loss from the wind storm last Wednesday, hundreds of thousands of barrels of apples being blown from the trees. In Worcester county, Mass., the loss is estimated at 30,000 barrels.

Remember the great book offer on the sixth page. It will remain open but a few weeks longer and all who desire to secure these thrilling stories of frontier life, written by a noted author, will do well to send in their orders promptly.

If the Portland Press is ready to aid in promoting genuine tax reform, the enforcement of the law or the wiping straight out work and not by insinuating that everybody else is actuated by false motives.

Don't neglect your county fairs. They may be made of great assistance in promoting interest in all classes of stock husbandry and the growing of choice crops. Well patronized they flourish, and flourishing they quicken love for farm life.

If three horses are all that can be obtained in a race this year, and this seems to have been the rule, what will be the situation next year when there will be fewer horses in Maine? Something to supplement the races must be devised during the next ten months.

Those who grumble at the minor defects in our postal system should meditate a while upon the French postal service which is conducted not for the accommodation of the public, but for revenue. The earnings of this system during the past year brought in about \$17,000,000 profit to the government.

At one of our large exhibitions where a party was looking for good stock we overheard an exhibitor who had nothing to sell making his boast that he had spoiled two trades for others and prevented the sale of two cows. So long as this contemptible spirit is found so long will agriculture suffer. The man who would stoop to mean an act does not deserve to be driven out of town.

What would be the effect upon the morals of the state if the officers of our fairs spent the money now paid for cheap platform performances, in building up and perfecting special features like trade, horse, grange, floral

or farmers' parades or other educative features? It is an insult to the public to assume that they are satisfied with what they are obliged to see on these platforms.

"Isn't about time that the dates of our fairs, state and county, were fixed to suit the convenience of exhibitors and not the fancy of officials? From Aug. 25th to Sept. 15th, the farmers of Maine are housing their corn crop in the silo, at the factory or the barn and it is work which cannot be delayed. Why not hold out fairs when the crops are matured and fruit ready for the tables?"

The Lewiston Journal has started in to prove that the end of the horse business has been reached. Mr. Nelson summed up the whole situation when he declared, "The horse business is all right if you have the right kind," and Mr. J. S. Sanborn states that "never has he had so many calls for good stock as this year and that the demand for good stock is steadily increasing." Evidently our contemporary jumped at a conclusion.

Those who protest against immoral side-shows and worthless fairs at cattle fairs are met with the reply that fair receipts are necessary. But when a fair has come to a pass that it cannot exist unless swarming and festering with nickel nonsense and dime devilleries, let it die and be buried—Honest!

Right you are, Bro. Myrick. This has been the position of the Farmer for years.

That letter to the public by Mr. J. S. Sanborn, published in so many state papers, explaining his reasons for not exhibiting stock at the State Fair will do more to correct the lax methods and protect the interests of exhibitors than tons of argument. Such is the verdict from every quarter and those who exhibit are prompt to recognize their obligations. Our fairs must be conducted to satisfy exhibitors or they fail utterly.

At Tona-wanda, N. Y., a great curiosity has been constructed in the form of an automobile, 7 ft. 5 in. high, which not only walks and runs, but rolls his eyes, and even talks. The inventor of this wonderful piece of machinery is Louis "Phillip" Ferey, and behind him is a stock company of business men who are putting in the money. To this automobile is attached an automobile, which he apparently pulls. It is intended to have this remarkable combination make a trip across the continent from New York to San Francisco, two men riding in the automobile.

The entering class at the Massachusetts agricultural college is the largest in its history and contains six young men from the Argentine Republic, sent by that government to this country to obtain an agricultural education. It shows the standing of New England in such matters, for the western states, with their enormous farms, would seem at first thought to be the best field for acquiring a knowledge of agriculture. But New England has time to go into details. Here are the headquarters of education and it is a hopeful indication for the future of the farming industry that the study of its principles is now being placed on a par with other scientific studies. "Straws show which way the wind blows."

Yale University has for many years, justly or unjustly, borne the reputation of being a college for rich men's sons especially, and was, like Harvard, regarded as the resort of gilt-edged dukes. This impression, however, has not been borne out by the facts; in the past, for during a period of ten years, one out of every five graduates has worked his way to some extent, and one out of 20 has earned the entire cost of his course. Out of a class of 327 graduating last June, about 100 worked for the whole or part of their expenses. But a recent departure is the opening of a labor bureau by the college authorities, which is intended to assist students in earning money to pay for their education. This scheme has been enthusiastically received by the public at large, more applications for help being filed than the bureau can supply. The man who works for his education will not be likely to let it go to waste in future years.

Those anxious people who have been troubled in their minds at the prospect of New England being wholly given over to French Canadians, as some have predicted would be the case, according to increasing immigration, may now lay their fears at rest. The railway officials say that there has been a decided change in the tide of travel within the past year. Instead of the rush of young men and women from French Canada to the manufacturing towns of New England, there is actually a current setting the other way. With the money which they have earned here, many of the Canadians are returning to their own country, to redeem their old farms or buy new ones in some new and fertile farming district. There has been a reduction of at least 50 per cent. in the volume of Canadian immigration to this country. It looks as if the echo of "back to the farm" is being heard in Canada. This is as it should be. The cities have held the "balance of power" long enough.

Miss Lillian Clayton Jewett, the young woman who is going about the country loudly and hysterically proclaiming herself the "friend of the negro," succeeded in making herself quite conspicuous at the national Bazaar, held at Richmond, Va. Being refused permission to address the convention, which, having the program already formulated, had no time to listen to any speakers on outside interests, she forced herself upon one of the meetings and made a speech, inviting the audience to adjourn to the street to listen to her. In spite of the declaration of the moderator that the meeting was not in sympathy with Miss Jewett, there was a general stampede for the pavement, where she addressed a crowd. It is doubtful if the cause of the negro

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gain; much by the championship of such erratic agitators. He must win his own way, and his best friend is education. The day of fanatical crusades against any evil is past, and more common sense methods must prevail.

## THE WHOLE STATE AROUSED.

In another column we publish the strong, clear, positive letter of Hon. J. H. Manley which appeared in the Lewiston Journal, Thursday, Sept. 13th. Coming just at this time it is one of significance as well as deep interest to every tax payer, and every farmer will respond with a hearty "Amen." Two years ago in the legislature Mr. Manley declared in favor of a readjustment of our system of taxation and his letter but voices the conviction fostered by years of study of the great problems which the state is facing today. Readjustment must come. The force of non-enforcement must cease by command of the people, or the prohibitory law should be repealed, and every instinct of economy demands the repeal of the fee system and the substitution of fixed salaries. The people are with Mr. Manley in his declarations and will sustain every movement along the line he has indicated. The people of Maine are to have more to say in regard to legislation than in the past and the force of public sentiment will surely be felt for economy, enforcement of all laws and the repeal of bad legislation.

The position taken is not suggested by the result of the late election as he has for years been outspoken in regard to the lax enforcement of the prohibitory law and the injustice growing out of the fee system. Mr. Manley realizes that the time has come for action and he has voiced what proves to be the almost universal sentiment in all parts of the state. The daily press has been publishing columns of interviews with leading men, nearly every one endorsing his position. It will at once be seen that he does not advocate re-submission of the prohibitory law, but the strict enforcement of the present prohibitory law, and only raises the question in case the public cannot be aroused to its enforcement. Evidently he recognizes that the present policy into which our state has drifted is fraught with grave dangers to the morals as well as finances of the people.

Not for years has the state been so aroused as by the publication of this letter. The fee system, which has grown to such proportions claims the attention of the student of good government. Men bankrupt themselves to secure official positions because of the possible earnings of the office.

Four years ago the struggle for the office of Attorney General was one of the sharpest the state has ever seen for years, and yet the salary is but \$1,000, but the fees, \$5.00 for each and every case, and the fees for the state make it an office worth almost twice as much as the salary paid the Chief Justice and three times that paid our Governor. The fee system as worked under our present law for the benefit of our sheriffs is well illustrated in the following letter from Bangor to the Lewiston Journal.

"The sheriff gets fees as follows: For the board of prisoners, 25 cents each per day, or \$1.75 each per week; the 'key fees,' so-called, which mean 50 cents for every man he opens the jail door to so much a prisoner in or to let him out; so much a day for attendance upon court; the regularly established rates for the services of writs; the prosecution of liquor dealers, under what is known as the 'Bangor plan,' mileage from Bangor to Portsmouth, N. H., where he goes to make a list from the revenue book of all those who have paid the United States special tax as dealers in liquors in the county, and a witness fee for each case that comes before the court—generally about 300 cases in the course of a year; lastly a percentage of the fees collected by his 18 deputies.

Now all of these fees are fat enough, but the fattest are the board bills. As has been stated, the sheriff receives for the board of prisoners, for the board of each prisoner, the population of the jail ranges generally from 80 to 100, so that the board bills are from \$20 to \$25 a day, or from \$140 to \$175 a week. How much of it is profit to the sheriff? The prisoners are fed for the most part upon baked beans; bean soup, which is a doleful solution of the stomach, and is slantly known as 'swagin'; salt codfish; soup made of odds and ends of beef and potatoes and turnips; pea

soup, a first cousin to the bean swagin, and big biscuits.

Various estimates have been made as to the cost of the raw materials from which this menu is evolved, and the average is four cents per day for each prisoner. Call it five cents a day, and there remains 20 cents for profit. On the basis of 100 prisoners, that would be \$2,000 a year profit from this source alone; on the basis of 80 prisoners it would be \$1,600 a year. No one places it at less than \$5,000.

Besides all this, the great profit from the board of prisoners and the receipts from the other fees, the sheriff gets some other things. The county pays for the heating and lighting of the jail, and all the incidental expenses, as well as for the clothing of the prisoners, and also provides a house for the sheriff to live in and a stable for his horses. The help in the jail is always selected from among the prisoners, and often prisoners are employed at domestic duties in the sheriff's house and at labor outside on the premises. The sheriff pays for nothing save the raw materials of the prisoners' food.

Further, casting aside the question of saving in the price of board, the advocates of a change point out that the fee system of paying the sheriff 25 cents a day, or any other stated sum per day, for the board of prisoners, opens the door to a great abuse, in the unnecessary filling up of the jail with all sorts of men for all sorts of petty offenses, in order to make the jail bill as large as possible—a bill that is at least 80 per cent. profit."

No man can form any idea of the compensation received by our clerks of courts and other county officers whose salaries are based on fees.

One fact should be kept clear in this discussion, that it is the system not the individuals which are under criticism. The law establishes the fee, they but collect the same in accordance with its provisions and are not to be censured for so doing. But there is another and more serious situation which has grown out of the fee system, and that is the increased business which it stimulates in violation of law. Enforce the prohibitory law and the per cent. of criminals would rapidly decrease. Rum is at the bottom of three-fourths of the crime and is the chief cause for the pauperism which fills our jails and work-houses. The fee system inevitably tempts to lax enforcement as it invites full jails for revenue. Repeal the law granting fees and establish salaries with reasonable compensation for board of fixed salaries. The people are with Mr. Manley in his declarations and will sustain every movement along the line he has indicated. The people of Maine are to have more to say in regard to legislation than in the past and the force of public sentiment will surely be felt for economy, enforcement of all laws and the repeal of bad legislation.

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The Herald touches this question and in closing sets forth this lesson: "The South Sea Islanders, when they have had liquor first given to them, have invariably become slaves to the alcohol habit from their inability to resist this temptation, and the same holds true of our American Indians. Until brought in contact with the white men they had never had an opportunity to drink alcoholic beverages. Through the partnership of this opportunity, they have not had built up in them the moral and mental forces of resistance. These are the slow growth of generations, but it is none the less a growth, made more evident by the relentless sweep of which nature sweeps out of existence the weak and the families of those who physically enable themselves by excessive alcoholic indulgence. Temperance, moderation and an entire absence of drunkenness will gradually and permanently come by the evolution of human beings to whom the use of alcoholic beverages will present no fascination which cannot be held resolutely in check."

A DECLARATION WHICH WILL COMMAND A RESPONSE.

The following ringing letter from Hon. J. H. Manley will receive a hearty response at the hands of the voters of Maine. It speaks with no uncertain sound upon questions vital to the prosperity of the state. He says:

"There are many lessons involved in the September election in our state, which, it seems to me, the republican party should ponder well and profit by. There are three things which believe the republicans should do in order to retain control in this state. We shall have an overwhelming majority in the next legislature, and will be held responsible for whatever legislation is enacted, and responsible for what we fail to enact that the people demand shall be enacted.

First, we must thoroughly revise our system of taxation in accordance with the specific promise made by the republican state convention, so that every kind of property, of whatever nature or description, shall bear its just proportion of the public burdens. Second, we must insist that the present prohibitory law shall be strictly and rigidly enforced in every section of the state. The people have a right to any law they desire. They are the sovereigns. They have, whenever they have had the opportunity, voted overwhelmingly in favor of prohibition. I agree that many of our best men think the cause of temperance would be better promoted by a local option, high license law. If the majority of the people think so, then let them have the law of the state, and I can see no possible objection to again submitting to the people the question, which would have to be presented in a proposition to repeal the present constitutional provision. But until that is done, and the people take to repeat it, we have a plain duty to perform, and that is the enforcement of the law.

The condition today is that we are having a practical license law, because in many, if not all, the counties in the state, it is the practice to indict once or twice a year, every man who pays to the United States a special retail liquor dealer's tax. He is indicted on that fact, and in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred settles and pays what is demanded of him. This, I admit, swells the receipts of the county treasury, but I submit that it is not the wise and proper course to pursue.

Next, we must wipe from the statute book every law which contains the fee system. It is obnoxious to the people. It is unjust. Pay our officials a good, fair, generous salary, and let the people know what is received for their public services. Our last legislature refused to increase the salary of the judges. If we can afford to pay the judges of our Supreme Court only thirty-five hundred dollars, our chief magistrate two thousand, our state treasurer, who has the handling of two millions of dollars per year, two thousand dollars, we certainly should not pay our county officials all the way from five to twenty-five thousand dollars; or permit any law to exist which will allow them to receive this compensation directly or indirectly."

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## TENTH ANNUAL FAIR OF THE BETHEL RIVERSIDE PARK ASSOCIATION.

By the way, if any one doubts that the farmers in this part of Oxford county are wide awake, and can raise fine vegetables and fruit and grow fine stock, just let them come to the Bethel Fair and look about in the exhibition hall and the stock sheds. The officers of the association were well chosen and have labored hard for the success of this year's exhibition.







## Love Finds a Way

BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH.

"Poor little girl! My poor little Ollie! And you thought so meekly of me as all that?"

"Meekly of you, Tom? You managed to ask."

He went on rapidly, as if mistrusting his own strength of purpose. "I was very unhappy when I heard you had broken with Westover. I was afraid you had done it through a mistaken sense of duty to your father. But I could not help you nor my friend. The dying often hamper the living in some such cruel fashion, but I do not hold that one is called upon to sacrifice happiness to any such deathbed mandates. Westover is a splendid fellow, and I know that he loves you dearly. If it were not for the pain that I know you have endured in the effort to obey your father's command, I would be glad of this opportunity to free you from your father's obligation. Now, with a clear conscience, Ollie, dear, you can recall Westover."

"I shall never marry Clarence Westover, Tom, never!"

He seemed not to hear her. "Once, when I thought I could support you as my wife should and must be supported, I asked you to be my wife. All through my early boyhood I entertained a sweet vision of a future blessed by your love. I loved you and asked you to marry me. You did not love me, and you refused to marry me in terms which I in my boyish sensitiveness called merciless. I could not now accept, either from a belated mercifulness or an overweighing sense of filial duty, an reversal of the decision which years ago I accepted as final."

"In that letter—a bitter curve marked the corners of his mouth for a second—you said your 'No' was final. It must stand at that. If I have been brutally plain, it is because there must not be the possibility of any misunderstanding between us in the future. The negative of years ago cannot by any sophistry be turned into an affirmative of today."

He stood up and held out his hand. She made no response. Her hot cheeks were buried in the cushions of the sofa. Only the coil of her golden hair was turned toward him. He left her so. He thought of her tenderly as the flying landscape shot past the window of the car that was bearing him away from her.

Now that she had done all in her power to obey her father's command she would feel at liberty to recall the man she loved. Ah, well! That was just as it should be, but she would never know what it had cost him to give her up a second time.

## CHAPTER XIX.

"AND THE WHOLE WIDE OCEAN BETWEEN"

At a foreign resort where her shy, untraveled ways subjected her to unfriendly comment and all of her most cherished domestic traditions were violently set at naught Miss Malvina necessarily experienced the desolate loneliness of a cat in a strange garret. Ollie had much more than time of it. She was seen to be beautiful and said to be wealthy, a combination which makes for popularity anywhere and everywhere. Nice promptly put itself under her feet. Poor Miss Malvina was seen to be not beautiful and in her capacity as Miss Matthews' companion proclaimed herself not wealthy. She was under Nick's feet. Never was meeker or more acquiescent companion. She was devoted to her charge, and so long as Ollie would not be sensible and marry Tom Broxton she supposed one ought to rejoice over the multiplicity of never adorers, from whom the fastidious little lady had a chance to select a second best.

To loyal Miss Malvina any man would be second best to Tom, but through all her single hearted devotion to Ollie's interests there ran an undercurrent of homesickness which it was hard to conceal. She longed for Mandeville—obscure, dull old Mandeville—with an exceedingly great yearning. The Mandeville Morning News, an aspiring sheet, at which she was the pointed the finger of scorn when she was at home, was her one salacious foreign ally. Its coming filled her day with light.

Coming in from an afternoon drive one day, flower laden and smiling, Ollie found her dampening this cherished sheet with copious tears. Flowers and all, she twisted affectionate arms about her faithful friend's neck.

"You are homesick, and I am torturing the life out of you. Nice is not doing you one particle of good. We will start home tomorrow. I have been having such a lovely time I have grown selfish, but we will start right straight home."

"We will do nothing of the kind, my dear. Nice has cured my cough entirely—that is, almost. I was crying just a few tears, but it was for Tom, poor dear Tom!"

Ollie flushed resentfully. "Tom Broxton?"

"Yes, I do feel so sorry for him."

Ollie walked over to a distant table and busied herself putting her flowers in water.

"Your tears must flow readily, Malvina. Every one says he is getting on splendidly; that he will be a rich man before he is 30. And then—I have made my will. He is to have everything I leave."

Miss Malvina was turning the damp paper about in search of something. She sniffed scornfully.

"You ridiculous child, you leave? I don't think Tom Broxton cares a copper for money for his own sake. He said to me once, quite confidentially, of course, that when he had hoped to marry you he thought that the wealth of Golconda too slight. But Tom has had so much trouble in his short life, and now comes this?"

"And now comes what?"

Ollie wheeled suddenly, showing a very pale face and eyes full of fright. Miss Malvina held out the paper folded in a long strip.

"Is it about Tom?"

"Yes, or at least it is about—"

"Read it aloud, please."

And Miss Malvina read:

"That fine old piece of real estate known as Broxton Hall, on the outskirts of town, has again changed hands. It is said that Mrs. Westover's health demands a permanent residence in a warmer climate. Some mystery seems to attend the recent transfer, and no amount of reportorial enterprise has enabled us to secure the name of its owner. Extensive repairs on the house and grounds are already under way."

"Well," said Ollie, biting off a rose stem with strong white teeth, "what that all has to do with your bedewing the morning paper with tears has yet to be explained."

"Why, Tom, you see, he told me you know he and I had quite a little talk after you had sent him away in such a hurry that Sunday—that when he had expected you and Mr. Westover to live at the old place he had become reconciled to give it up, as he certainly never could have lived there by himself, but if time should prove that you and Clarence were not to adjust your little difference he should buy back the old place himself."

"And how do you know he is not the new owner?"

"Oh, I don't think there would be so much mystery about it if he were. Tom isn't the man to want to do anything sensational."

"Was he so very fond of the place?"

"Ollie, you know as well as I do that he loves that old house better than he does anything on earth. Not—quickly seeking to repair any probable hurt he had done to you by his paper for letting it go. I do wish I knew who this mysterious purchaser is."

"I can relieve you to that extent," said Ollie, swooping down upon the paper and hiding behind it. "I have bought Broxton Hall."

"You, Ollie?"

"At least my business man has for me. I told him before we left America to buy it at any price I could afford to pay if Mr. Westover would sell."

"Wasn't that a little reckless, dear? It is a beautiful old place undoubtedly, and I do believe Thomas would rather think of it as belonging to you than anybody in the world."

Ollie's temples showed pink above the Mandeville Morning News. "Of course I did not buy it to live in. That would be absurd. I bought it for Tom. I want Tom to live in it with his wife when he gets one. But now that it is mine I don't know how to give it to him unless I die and leave it to him in my will."

Miss Malvina looked at her gravely. "I am quite sure he would not like to get it that way, my dear."

"And I am sure I should not like him to get it that way, at least not immediately."

She laughed hysterically. Miss Malvina's literalness often gave her cause for mirth. She flung herself into a chair to read that paragraph about Broxton Hall to herself. There was a certain zest in the idea that all Mandeville was trying to guess her secret and a deeper sort of satisfaction in the reflection that no one could ever again come between Tom and the old place after she should have given it back to him.

Dear old Tom! Some time, somehow, he should come into his own. Miss Malvina glanced at her confiscated paper eagerly. She had but just begun upon the "Local Brevities" when Ollie had entered.

"Would you mind turning to 'Deaths' and 'Marriages,' dear, and reading them out? I had just got to them."

Ollie ran glibly through the mortuary and hymeneal reports.

"And now the casualties of the day?"

"Where do you find them? Oh, yes, here! Why—with a sharp cry she looked over the paper at Miss Malvina—"had you seen it and left me to stumble on it for myself?"

"Had I seen what, child?"

"About Tom? He is hurt, badly hurt. Oh, Miss Malvina, listen! 'News reach of this office late last evening by telegram that Mr. Thomas Broxton, our highly esteemed ex-townsmen, has been seriously injured in an accident to the Electric Light Works in Kansas City, of which he has recently been made general superintendent. The account of his accident as we have received it makes quite a hero of Broxton. Ollie showed him to be the gallant son of a noble gentleman. It was by endeavoring to save the life of an old, crippled employee of the works, who was engaged on the top floor, that he came near losing his own valuable life."

Ollie flung the paper down with a moan. And the whole wide ocean between us, my love! My love!"

Miss Malvina was sobbing helplessly. Ollie sprang to her feet passionately.

"Don't let us waste time crying, Miss Malvina. Help me to pack up. Help me to get ready. We will start home tomorrow. We will go to him. Oh, Tom, I want you! I want you! I want you!"

"Ollie! Tom Broxton drive you away from him?"

"Yes, he did, he did! I asked him—have me—and he refused! Yes, he did!"

She was wringing her hands in an agony of tearful distress.

"Oh, please don't keep repeating my name for all the world like a parrot, Miss Malvina!"

"Why, the boy is perfectly wrapped up in me!"

"He isn't, he isn't! He despises me, and I—I love him! I have loved him all my life, and—and I did not know it. He was so meek and lowly that I tyrannized over him. Oh, to think of the miles of salt water between us and him! Who knows? Suppose—"

She turned white to the very lips.

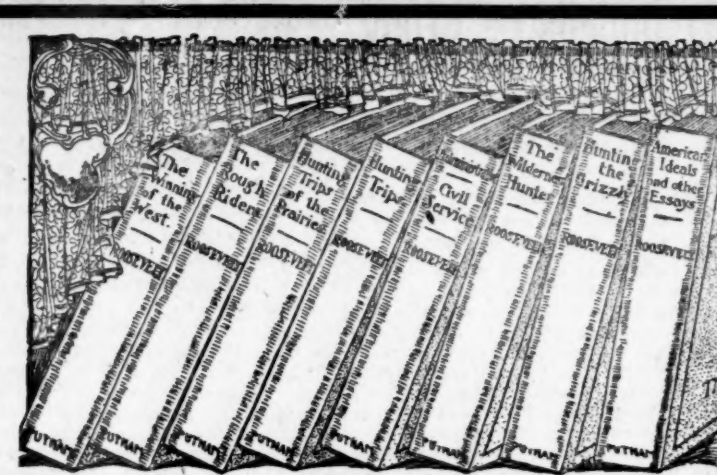
Miss Malvina, frightened at the storm raised by The Morning News, mendaciously cast discredit on it and its methods.

"But, my dear Ollie, you are working yourself up into a perfect fever so unnecessarily. Don't you know the newspapers never tell the truth? They can't afford to. They have to spread every sensation out so thin, to make it cover so much space, that you can't see right through it if it didn't color it up high and smear it all over with manufactured features. Now, I don't doubt for a moment that Tom Broxton's legs have done double duty in that paragraph as well as on that first escape."

"He is none the less a hero, a great, brave fellow," said Ollie, brightening into combativeness under this comforting view of the case.

"Of course he is, and no one knows it better than I do. Suppose we send a cablegram to ask about him."

"I am going straight to him," said



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Ollie, with lofty superiority to all lets and hindrances.

"But if no vessel should be sailing immediately, my dear?"

"Oh, Miss Malvina, please get to packing our trunks! You are such a creature for pointing out obstacles."

Whether Miss Malvina's meek spirit would have held good under this fresh outburst of injustice will never be known. Some one knocked at the door of their apartment. Ollie, feverishly anxious to be doing something—answered it.

"You? Why?"

She moved back from the door, and Clarence Westover entered, holding a newspaper in his hand.

"I am awfully glad to find you in. I am just back from Berlin; found a lot of mail matter waiting for me, this morning."

"I know—we know," said Ollie, nodding her head slowly.

"It's about Broxton, I mean," Clarence said.

"Yes; we have seen it."

Westover's handsome face was wrinkled with perplexity. He found himself in rather an awkward predicament. He had come to plead Tom Broxton's cause, and the woman they had both loved.

"It is an awful pity," he said, glancing at the paper he still held. "There are not many men like Broxton in the world."

"Not a single one," Miss Malvina interjected, with decision.

"I thought—perhaps you might—You see, I feel decidedly officious."

"Miss Malvina and I are starting for America immediately," said Ollie, with blushing dignity.

"Good! The sooner the better! But I don't know of any vessel that sails sooner than the one I have taken passage by. That goes on Wednesday. This Monday."

"You?"

Westover looked at her meditatively. A demure smile lurked in the corners of his mouth. How desperately in love with this pretty little thing he had once fancied himself! But that was before he had met his Clementine, whom he had married a week before in Venice.

"Yes, my wife and I sail for America on Wednesday," he said quietly.

"Your wife? I—we had heard that—"

"I hope you will like her, Ollie."

"I know I shall adore her, Clarence."

"You see," he went on maliciously, "after you made up your mind that you would never, never marry anybody, I felt it a duty I owed myself to fall in love with somebody else."

Ollie treated him to one of her most patronizing nods. "You did quite right. I hope you will always stand up as well to your sense of duty. I am so glad. As for me, I shall never marry."

"Of course not. Consistency forbids, and a woman is nothing if not consistent."

"Miss Malvina and I have been having a perfectly lovely time this winter. She beat her head to pin a rose in her belt."

"Miss Malvina especially, doubtless," said Clarence, laughing gayly. "Shall I secure berths for Wednesday's boat for you?"

"If you would."

A little while later she stood in a window watching him cross the wide plaza upon which her apartment fronted. She had never found him so handsome nor so lovable. She turned toward Miss Malvina, who was restlessly emptying the entire contents of the writing table into a pillowcase.

"He is very handsome."

"Who? Tom?"

"No; Clarence."

"Yes; he is good looking enough. But Ollie?"

"He has a wife, you dear old simpleton! Let that suffice to allay your fears. But, Miss Malvina, all this has set me to wondering about myself. Am I, after all, just a commonplace, changeable creature who never will know her own mind? What made me think myself so dreadfully in love with

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Forbidden Foods in Cuba. Military surgeons familiar with Cuba say the best army ration there is brood or hard bread, beans, potatoes, fish and mutton. The only beverage recommended is coffee, not too strong. Alcohol in any form is forbidden. Salt meats should be sparingly used. The native Cubans and Porto Ricans drink coffee habitually, and, though not large, they are well built, agile and healthy.—Exchange.

Other Years, This Time. "Daughter, who is this Mr. Eugene Wadsworth Carrington that is calling on you so often?"

"Why, papa, he's the boy we used to call 'Buster' when he lived next door."

—Chicago Record.

Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y. Dear Sirs—Some days since a package of your GRAIN-O preparation was left at my office. I took it home and gave it a trial, and I have to say I was very much pleased with it, as a substitute for coffee. We have always used the best Java and Mocha in our family, but I am free to say I like the GRAIN-O as well as the best coffee I ever drank. Respectfully yours, A. C. JACKSON, M. D.

When Clarence Westover, then wintering in Florida with his handsome Clementine, read in the Mandeville papers that Thomas Broxton and Ollie Matthews had been quietly married at the home of the bride and immediately removed to their future residence, Broxton Hall, he laughed and rolled the paper up to mail to Jeanne. On its margin he wrote:

"It was Tom, and not me, she cared for all along, only it took her a phenomenally long time to make the discovery. Love has found the way to make good all losses to splendid Tom Broxton."

He knitted his brows comically.

"How very mysterious you are, Miss Vinnie!"

"Wouldn't you—don't you know Ollie is not Clarence Westover's wife? Don't you know she's just been daff"

## Home Department.

ONE STORY'S GOOD TILL ANOTHER IS TOLD.

There's a maxim that all should be willing to mind. 'Tis an old one—a kind one—as true as 'tis kind."

"The worth of notice wherever you roam. And no score for the heart if remembered at home."

If scandal or censure be raised 'gainst a friend, Be the last to believe it—the first to defend! Say to-morrow will come—and then Time will unfold."

That "one story's good till another is told" A friend's like a ship, when with music and song The tide of good fortune still speeds him along; But see him when tempest hath left him a wreck, And any mean billow can batter his deck. But give me the heart that true sympathy shows And clings to a mate whatever wind blows; And says—when aspersions, unanswer'd, grow bold— "Wait—'one story's good till another is told."

Compensation. [Prepared for and read before Turner grange, by Mrs. Olive M. Kimball.]

We live in an age that is all the time searching for and exposing the inequalities of life. Men and women are dragging into the light the differing conditions in which humankind is living and are holding them up to our gaze, comparing each with the other, and pointing out how unequal these conditions are. We are passing through an age that demands equality—equality of education, equality of social position, equality of opportunity. The tendency of the times is to tear down the pinnacles on which we find men and women living and then grade up the lower conditions to that common level. We do not decry this tendency of the age, this passion for seeking out and trying to better the conditions of humanity at large, yet one truth is sometimes lost sight of by the reformers and social agitators. It is the thought that almost every lot in life, nearly every condition under which men and women live, has its compensation. It is this thought which we will consider today; that for every lack in life there seems to be some equivalent; for every loss there is some gain. Something of sweetness comes to each human child, no matter how bitter the conditions under which he lives. It is this law of compensation which alone makes life endurable. Yes, the poor wretch that walks the earth gets something out of even his life which makes it worth the living to him. We cannot understand what it is, for that which repays him would be worthless to us.

We live in a rural community and are more particularly interested in the conditions which pertain to the farmer's family and the compensation which come with country life.

The pessimistic person is always looking on the dark side of the picture. We actually hear farmers and farmers' wives declaring that farm life is all drudgery and hard work, with nothing in it to enjoy, no fun and little profit. Surely such ones are missing the compensations which come with country life. I need not tell an audience made up of farmers that the compensation which comes to the tiller of the soil will not be a matter of money, for you know that already. The farmer's family if prudent and industrious, will have a good living, a comfortable home, and enough for the rainy day, but will never gain great wealth.

You must find compensation in something less tangible, less material, but more enduring and equally enjoyable.

We drove into the yard of a farm not long since and in answer to an inquiry, he said, "No, my wife isn't at home," and then he added, "but I should really like to show you my farm and my crops."

He walked with us through the fields, green with the aftermath, and then he took us through his piece of corn, a stout, healthy growth of green and gold, the tassels waving far above our heads. His word and actions showed that he loved every inch of ground he walked over. So dear to him are his home and his farm, and so much enjoyment does he get out of his work, that he is more than compensated for the days of toil and weariness. Compensation for any labor comes only as we love our work and find our enjoyment in the doing of it faithfully and well.

The doctor gets his only real compensation in his love for his work, and in the gratitude of the father and mother whose child he restores to health. The teacher finds her only real reward in compensation as she really loves to teach, and rejoices that she can help to make the men and women of the future wiser and better than they otherwise would be. It is just the same with the farmer and his family. They get their compensation only in and through their work. Perhaps it may be permitted me to say that it sometimes seems as if farmers' wives and daughters especially, are deliberately blind to the compensations of rural life, and seem determined not to find any enjoyment in it. I have sat in this grange, and while some men of mature and ripe experience, who knew what he was talking about, was reading a paper or giving an address on some topic of vital interest to the farmer, I have seen farmers' wives and daughters, yes, even sons, assume an air of bored indifference or even elevate their noses and whisper to their neighbor, "I am not interested in cows" or "I am sure I don't see what is the use of our having to listen to anything about crops today!" and every drop of farmer's blood has boiled in my veins. There seems to be a sense of false delicacy, as if such things were not fit to talk about; as if there was actually something to be ashamed of in the fact that their husbands and fathers milk cows and raise corn. Now if you please, if we believe at all in the theory of pre-natal influences, it is no wonder that the son born of such a mother hates the soil, despises the farm, and rather looks down on the vocation of his father?



## Home Department.

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"Tis an old one—a kind one—as true as 'tis."  
The worthy of kind wherever you roam,  
And no worse for the heart if remembered at home!  
If scandal or censure be raised against a friend,  
Be the last to believe it—the first to defend!  
Say to-morrow will come—and then Time will unfold  
That "one story's good till another is told!"  
A friend's like a ship, when with music and song  
The side of good fortune still speeds him along;  
But see him when tempest hath left him a wreck,  
And any mean bellow can batter his deck.  
But give me the heart that true sympathy shows,  
And clings to a comrade whatever wind blows;  
And say—when asperion, unanswer'd, grows bold—  
"Wait—'one story's good till another is told!"

## Compensation.

[Prepared for and read before Turner grange, by Mrs. Olive M. Kimball.]

We live in an age that is all the time searching for and exposing the inequalities of life. Men and women are dragging into the light the difficult conditions in which humankind is living and are holding them up to our gaze, comparing each with the other, and pointing out how unequal these conditions are. We are passing through an age that demands equality—equality of education, equality of social position, equality of opportunity. The tendency of the times is to tear down the pinnacles on which we find men and women living and then grade up the lower conditions to a common level. We do not deny this tendency of the age, this passion for seeking out and trying to better the conditions of humanity at large, yet one truth is sometimes lost sight of by the reformers and social agitators. It is the thought that almost every lot in life, nearly every condition under which men and women live, has its compensation. It is this thought which we will consider today; that for every lack in life there seems to be some equivalent; for every loss there is some gain. Something of sweetness comes to each human lot no matter how bitter the conditions under which he lives. It is this law of compensation which alone makes life endurable. Yes, the poorest wretch that walks the earth gets something out of even his life that makes it worth the living to him. We cannot understand what it is, for that which repays him would be worthless to us.

We live in a rural community and are more particularly interested in the conditions which pertain to the farmer's family and the compensations which come with country life. The pessimistic person is always looking on the dark side of the picture. We actually hear farmers and farmers' wives declaring that farm life is all drudgery and hard work with nothing in it to enjoy, no fun and little profit. Surely such ones are missing the compensations which come even on the farm. I need not tell an audience made up of farmers that the compensation which comes to the tiller of the soil will not be a matter of money, for you know that already. The farmer's family is proud and industrious, will have a good living, a comfortable home, and enough for the rainy day, but will never gain great wealth. The farmer's family must find compensation in something less tangible, less material, but more enduring and equally enjoyable.

We drove into the yard of a farmer not long since and in answer to an inquiry, he said, "No, my wife isn't at home," and then he added, "but I should really like to show you my farm and my crops." We walked with him across the smooth mowing fields, green with the aftermath; and then he took us through his piece of corn, a stout, healthy growth of green and gold, the tassels waving above our heads. His word and actions showed that he loved every inch of ground he walked over. So dear to him are his home and his farm, and so much enjoyment does he get out of his work, that he is more than compensated for the days of toil and weariness. Compensation for any labor comes only as we are at work and our enjoyment in the doing of it faithfully and well.

The doctor gets his only real compensation in his love for his work, and in the gratitude of the father and mother whose child he restores to health. The teacher finds her only real reward inasmuch as she really loves to teach, and rejoices that she can help to make men and women of the future wiser and better than the present would be. It is just the same with the farmer and his family. They get their compensation only in and through their work. Perhaps it may be permitted me to say that it sometimes seems as if farmers' wives and daughters especially are delightfully blind to the compensations of rural life, and seem determined not to find any enjoyment in it. I have sat in the grange, and while some men of mature and ripe experience, who knew what he was talking about, was reading a paper or giving an address on some topic of vital interest to the farmer, I have seen farmers' wives and daughters, yes, even sons, assume an air of indifference or even elevate their noses and whisper to their neighbor, "I am not interested in cows" or "I am sure I don't see what is the use of my having to listen to anything about crops today;" and every drop of farmer's blood has boiled in my veins.

There seems to be a sense of false delusion, as if such things were not fit to talk about; as if there was actually something to be ashamed of in the fact that their husbands and fathers milk cows and raise corn. Now if you please, if we believe at all in the theory of pre-natal influences, is it any wonder that the son born of such a mother hates the soil, despises the farm, and rather looks down on the occupation of his father?

It may be that the farmer is partly at fault and does not esteem the common daily routine of his farm work of sufficient importance to talk it over with his family day by day. Much of the

compensation of any home life comes from the interchange of mutual confidences, mutual plans, mutual interests. I know of a farmer who talked over his farm work with his family every day. It was of vital interest to him. If he was building a fence he talked about how he was building it, and why he was building it that way. He made the laws of rotation of crops, the plan of plowing, of seedling, of cattle raising, and every department of agriculture, subjects of conversation in the social life of the family. So thoroughly did his wife know and sympathize with his plans, that when he died, she even knew what crops he had planned to put in each field the next season, and could carry on the farm as successfully as he had done.

The farmer's family should learn to find enjoyment in the little things of life; in the walks about the farm, in the beauty of the growing crops, in the flower garden. Some one has said, "There is more salvation in a garden of flowers than in a cathedral of stained windows."

The man or woman who is entirely alien to the soil has missed something for which there is no compensation; but to the one who by dint of toil and experience can turn carbon and oxygen into the cornstalk or the potato, comes the satisfaction of "making something higher out of something lower;" a feeling that he is in a sense co-worker with God. This is his real compensation, not the potatoes alone, or the cornstalk. And it is only the appreciation of this that brings the tiller of the soil his true reward. The man who intelligently tills the soil, reaps a harvest of mental enjoyment as well as a physical and financial recompense.

The independence of farm life in a large measure frees men and women from the stress and strain, the hurry and worry that are incident to urban life. In a great degree each farm house is a little limited monarchy, whose inmates live almost an independent existence. They are not disturbed and fretted to death by the bustle and stir, the dust and turmoil of the struggle which the great world of the city knows. The farmer does not have to worry for fear somebody else on whom he is depending, will fail and cause him to fail. The farmer's family, if industrious, need not worry about the next meal, for Old Mother Nature is provident and never forgets to fill out the corn and set the beans. No, "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her."

I should be glad to bring home to the minds of the younger members of Turner grange the thought that for the young man or woman, the boy or the girl, rural life has pleasures and privileges for which nothing else can compensate. The real value of the "all day doors" is for the young person. It does not seem possible that a boy or a girl were ever intended to be reared among brick walls and asphalt pavements, where sunshine and green grass are almost shut out! It really seems as if contact with the soil is necessary to the full development of not only the physical but the mental strength of the young. Country life seems to begot a vigor, an energy, a momentum, which sends the boy and the girl bred among the hills far out towards the goal of their ambition. They do not exhaust their reserve force, their vital force, in childhood days, but like Topsy of old, they just grow the same as the other little animals of the farm. You have all seen a tree standing up by itself in an open sunny place in the woods, symmetrically developed, with the full measure of its strength, because it has been allowed to grow without being crowded. So country boys and girls have all out doors to grow in, and go forth into the world strong and symmetrically developed because they have had room to grow.

City life can be added to country life, but the boy or the girl from whose childhood has been subtracted the "strength of the hills," loses something for which nothing can compensate. Oh the joy of being consciously young and strong "mid the hills and valleys of the country, where even youth sees 'sermons in stones, books in the running brooks and God in everything.' Oh, you have all seen stretching at full length in the grass and gazing up into the blue sky, dreaming the dreams and seeing the visions which come to happy, healthy youth! For "the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I know from actual experience that farm life is not all fun. I remember that it was not always a pleasure to get up at five o'clock and milk ten cows before breakfast. I can testify that it is not an unmixed joy to a boy or girl either to carry out bundles together on a hot July afternoon. But the drives through the leafy woods, going berrying, and just watching the tooting life all around, is ample compensation for the little inconveniences. It is hard, dull work sometimes to follow the cultivator and the plow day after day by the week, but the little excursions the boy takes with the same old horse more than repay him for his hard day's toil. For a boy or a girl can live so long in just a little while!

The average country boy or girl is born with the opportunity to acquire good health; and right here let me say that when I see a boy go past my house towards his wagon at the grange stable every noon at three minutes past twelve, and go back past my house at six minutes past twelve, I know that he has swallowed his midday meal in just two minutes and a half; and when I hear a girl say that she never eats any dinner or perhaps just a piece of cake, I know that boy and that girl are barding that priceless boon, their good health, for the loss of which nothing in the wide world can compensate.

The greatest compensation that can come to the country bred boy and girl is genuine love for the farm home, a pride in the broad acre that has been reclaimed and made fair and fertile by an honest, earnest father's toil. They should be proud of their father's and mother's life work, realizing that farming becomes not only a science but a fine art under the hands of the intelligent, persistent workman who studies Nature's secrets and woos her wealth.

What greater gift from God than the privilege of breathing the fresh air and luxuriating in the warm sunshine, with no sense of being in somebody's way!

Just think of the crowded city, its

## Common Sense Talk with Women

If a person is ill and needs a medicine it is not wise to get one that has stood the test of time and has hundreds of thousands of cures to its credit?

A great many women who are ill try everything they hear of in the way of medicine, and this experimenting with unknown drugs is a constant menace to their already impaired health.

This seems to us very unwise, for there are remedies which are no experiments and have been known years and years to be doing only good.

Take for instance Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; for thirty years its record has been one unbroken chain of success. No medicine for female ills the world has ever known has such a record for cures.

It seems so strange that some people will take medicines about which they really know nothing, some of which might be, and are, really harmful; while on the other hand it is easily proved that over one million women have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

We have published in the newspapers of the United States more genuine testimonial letters than have ever been published in the interest of any other medicine.

All this should, and does, produce a spirit of confidence in the hearts of women which is difficult to dislodge, and when they are asked to take something else they say, "No, we want Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which has been tried, and never found wanting, whose reliability is established far beyond the experimental stage."

We have thousands of letters like the following addressed to Mrs. Pinkham, showing that

**Monthly Suffering Is Always Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, also Backache and Bearing-down pains.**

"I suffered untold agony every month and could get no relief until I tried your medicine; your letter of advice and a few bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have made me the happiest woman alive. I shall be a great blessing to my life."—Miss JOSE SAIT, Dover, Mich.

"Four years ago I had almost given up hope of ever being well again. I was afflicted with those dreadful headache spots, sometimes lasting for three or four days. Also had backache, bearing-down pains, leucorrhoea, dizziness, and terrible pains at monthly periods, confining me to my bed. After reading so many testimonials for your medicine, I concluded to try it. I began to pick up after taking the first bottle, and have continued to gain strength and vigor, and like a different woman. I can recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the highest terms to all sick women."—Miss ROSA HELDER, 126 W. Cleveland Ave., Boston, O.

**Two Letters which Prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Will Remove Tumor and Cure Other Female Weakness.**

"Two years ago I was a great sufferer from womb trouble and profuse flowing each month, and tumors would form in the womb. I had four tumors in two years. I went through treatment with many doctors, but they did me no good, and I thought I would have to resort to morphine.

"The doctor said that all that could help me was to have an operation and have the womb removed, but I had heard of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine and decided to try it, and wrote for her advice, and after taking her Vegetable Compound the tumors were expelled and I began to get stronger right along, and am as well as ever before. Can truly say that I would never have gotten well had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound."—MRS. A. STAH, Watsonville, Pa.

"After following the directions given in your kind letter for the treatment of leucorrhoea, I can say that I have been cured. I have been using Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies, and will gladly recommend them to my friends."—A. B. DAVIDS, Binghamton, N. Y.

**Another Case of Womb, Kidney and Bladder Trouble Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

"DEAR FRIEND—Two years ago I had child-bed fever and womb trouble in its worst form. For eight months after birth of babe I was not able to sit up. Doctors treated me, but with no help. I began to feel better, but my stomach, kidney and bladder trouble and my back was stiff and sore, the right ovary was badly affected and everything I ate distressed me, and there was a bad discharge.

"I was confined to my bed when I wrote to you for advice and followed your directions faithfully, taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Liver Pills and using your Wash, and am now able to do the most of my household work. I believe I should have died if it had not been for your Compound. I hope this letter may be the result of benefiting some other suffering woman. I recommend your Compound to every one."—MRS. MARY VAUGHN, Trimble, Pulaski Co., Ky.

heat, its narrowness, its squalor, and thank God that you were country born. To know our compensations and realize them we must study to be more appreciative in spirit. We must learn to thoroughly enjoy what we possess rather than envy those who possess what we do not. The right person does not live in the palace of the king or the mansion of the millionaire, but the real transcendently happy mortal is the one who truly has a contented mind.

## For Adoption.

Two bright American boys, one five years old, the other nine, can be adopted by the right parties. Separate homes desired. Apply with references to Mrs. Mary E. McGregor, 295 Spring St. Portland, Me.

## Young Folks.

## A LITTLE DREAM BOY.

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,  
And wake up a little man lying forlorn.  
Asleep where his life wanders out of the morn.

Little Boy Blue, blow a merry, sweet note  
Over the pool where the white lilies float,  
Fill out the sails of a little top boy boat.

Blow on my dream of a little boy there,  
Blow through his little back whistle, and snare  
Your breath in a tangle of curly brown hair.

Blow and O blow! from your fairyland far,  
Blow while my little boy wears a tin star  
And rides a stick horse to a little boy's war.

Blow for the brave man my dream-boy would be,  
Blow his tears when he wakes up to see  
His knight errant gone and instead only me.

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,  
Blow for a little boy lying forlorn,  
Asleep where his life wanders out of the morn.

—William Allen White.

## No Arms or Legs.

To be born without arms and legs is a fate that is not called on to be feared, and to those who have been in the enjoyment of these useful members of the human body it would not readily be conceivable how they could be dispensed with, either after their uses had become apparent or from the beginning. Yet that they are not essential to a perfect contentment and enjoyment of life or to the accomplishment of nearly all the things for which they are considered useful has been wonderfully demonstrated by John Rodney Elzea, a 17-year-old boy living at New London, Mo. He was born near Mexico, Mo., Sept. 3, 1882, the fifth child in a family of seven children, none of whom, either before or after him, were in any way deformed. When he was two years of age, his parents removed to New London, where his father engaged in business, and at the time of his death, a few years ago, was among the foremost citizens of the place, a leading Odd Fellow and one of the reliable business men of the town.

Rodney, as he is called, was born without hands or feet. His arms are mere stumps, extending in length to about where the elbow in a natural arm would be, terminating in a blunt end which is as sensitive to touch as the fingers of other people. His legs are in reality no legs at all. They are mere stumps, which have never extended from the body, and have the appearance of having been cut off by the surgeon's knife.

In this condition he has developed until he is now nearly 18 years of age, and his accomplishments are the wonder of all who visit his home town. He is heralded as a prodigy and is the pet of all the citizens of the community. In all respects he is one of the boys of the place, and while he asks no consideration from his playmates in their games of ball, marbles and other youthful diversions, neither does he concede them any advantages, and will at any time square himself off to a fight with any boy who dares to trespass upon his rights or to advance an opinion at variance with what he conceives to be the exact truth. His method of locomotion is by hopping in much the same way that a toad does, with the exception that his body is carried erect and is given a forward propulsion by means of a strong muscular development in the back and loins. For more extensive travel he has a trained goat which he harnesses to himself and attaches to the back of his body, and he is able to make his way all over the town, and in the tugging season far out into the country, where he fills a sack with walnuts or hickory nuts and hauls them home with his faithful servant and companion.

"Rodney is the most independent member of his family, and his accomplishments are the wonder of all who visit his home town. He has learned to use his own knife and fork in eating, can climb up in his own chair or upon the table if he wishes, dresses himself, reads, writes rapidly and well with pen and pencil, draws pictures, drives a team attached to the self-binder in harvest time, hitches up and drives a horse in a buggy, tosses a catch ball and strikes with the bat, plays 'keeps' with other boys, climbs up the ladder into the hay loft at the barn, amuses himself and others by playing on the harmonica, and, in short, does about all the things that any boy can do, and does many of them better than some of his companions can."

He has been educated at the public school in New London and has showed decided aptitude in all his studies. His teachers predict that notwithstanding his physical disadvantages, he will soon graduate from the high school and carry off the honors in his class. He is bright and quick in conversation, and shows an independence of thought and expression which indicate a perfectly normal mind.

Most of the acts performed by this boy are accomplished through an abnormal development of the muscular forces of the body. When the ends of his arms are brought forward they meet in front of and close to his breast, and his muscular forces are such that he can project at some distance and with a good deal of force an object, such as a ball or marble, which he clasps by pressure between the two ends of arms. His body possesses wonderful propelling force. He hops very easily and rapidly, advancing six to eight inches on one effort, and in climbing a ladder he places his body by main strength to the one next below, thus advancing upward nearly as fast as a boy of his age with normally developed hands and feet.

Efforts have been made frequently to get Rodney to travel and exhibit himself, but his father, before his death, always protested against it, but of late years he has earned small amounts by selling his pictures in a limited way.—Chicago Chronicle.

## The Girl Nobody Liked.

She was sure that nobody liked her. She had told herself so again and again, with a queer tightening about her heart that was like a real pain.

And then she had tossed her head and

set her lips in a defiant little smile. Nobody should know that she cared. Never!

It was on her eighteenth birthday that Aunt Elizabeth made a suggestion which caused the girl to open her eyes, and then laugh a little. It was such an odd idea, so like Aunt Elizabeth!

"Then I'm to 'hold up' everybody I meet? I've said something brilliant!" she observed.

"Not exactly," and Aunt Elizabeth smiled untroubled. "But I've noticed that you pass your acquaintances with a mere nod or a curt 'good morning.' I wish you would try the experiment of saying something pleasant to each one unless there is some good reason against it."

"It will grow rather tiresome," said the girl and she shrugged her shoulders.

"Try it for a week," suggested Aunt Elizabeth; and rather to her own surprise the girl found herself

praising.

She came very near forgetting her pledge when she met Mrs. Anderson on the street the next morning. In fact, she had passed with her usual uncompromising nod when the recollection of her promise flashed into her mind. She prided herself on being a girl of her word, and she turned quickly.

"How is Jimmy today?" she said, speaking out the first thing that came into her head.

There was a good deal of detail in Mrs. Anderson's answer. Jimmy had been sick with the measles, and then had caught cold and been worse. Mrs. Anderson poured out her story as if it was a relief to find a listener, and as she talked on, that peculiar listener found herself more interested than she would have believed possible in Jimmy and his mother. She said that she had some old scrap books which Jimmy might enjoy looking over, and Mrs. Anderson flushed and thanked her with more gratitude than the slight favor seemed to warrant.

As the very next corner was Cissy Baily, and the girl wondered if her promise covered the washerwoman's daughter and people of that sort. But she did not let herself wonder very long.

"It was very kind of you to bring home the clothes so early last week, Cissy," I was in a hurry for that shirt wash."

Cissy Baily did not know what to answer. She smiled in an embarrassed way, and looked up and then down. But the girl whom nobody liked had seen something in the up-lifted eyes which warmed her heart, and made that one-sided conversation something to remember.

The day went by, and she did not find opportunity to say anything very brilliant. She stopped Mrs. White to ask her if she would like to read the book she had just finished, and she patted little Barbara Smith's soft cheek as she inquired if the new baby sister had grown at all. When she could think of nothing else she said, "Haven't this been a beautiful day?"

And her earnestness rather surprised some people who had not had her opportunities for realizing that there was anything unusual about the day.

By the time the week was over the girl whom nobody liked had found out that hearts respond to cordiality and kindness, just as the strings of one musical instrument vibrate in unison with the chord struck in another. It is not a new discovery, since long ago it was written in a certain wise book: "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly," yet this is one of the truths that each person must rediscover on his own account. And the girl who was learning to love everyone, and was tasting the joy of being loved, thanked God that she had not waited any longer before finding out the wonderful secret for herself.—Young People's Weekly.

## Boys, Remember This.

Senator Chauncey M. Depew recently declared: "Twenty-five years ago I knew every man, woman and child in Peekskill. It has been a study to mark boys who started in every grade of life with myself to see what has become of them. It is remarkable that every one of those who drank is dead; not one living of my own age. Barring a few who were taken off by sickness, every one that proved a waste of time, money and child in Peekskill. It has been a study to mark boys who started in every grade of life with myself to see what has become of them. It is remarkable that every one of those who drank is dead; not one living of my own age. Barring a few who were taken off by sickness, every one that proved a waste of time, money and child in Peekskill. It has been a study to mark boys who started in every grade of life with myself to see what has become of them. It is remarkable that every one of those who drank is dead; not one living of my own age. 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